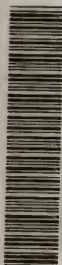


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MESSIE POPE'S WAR POEMS

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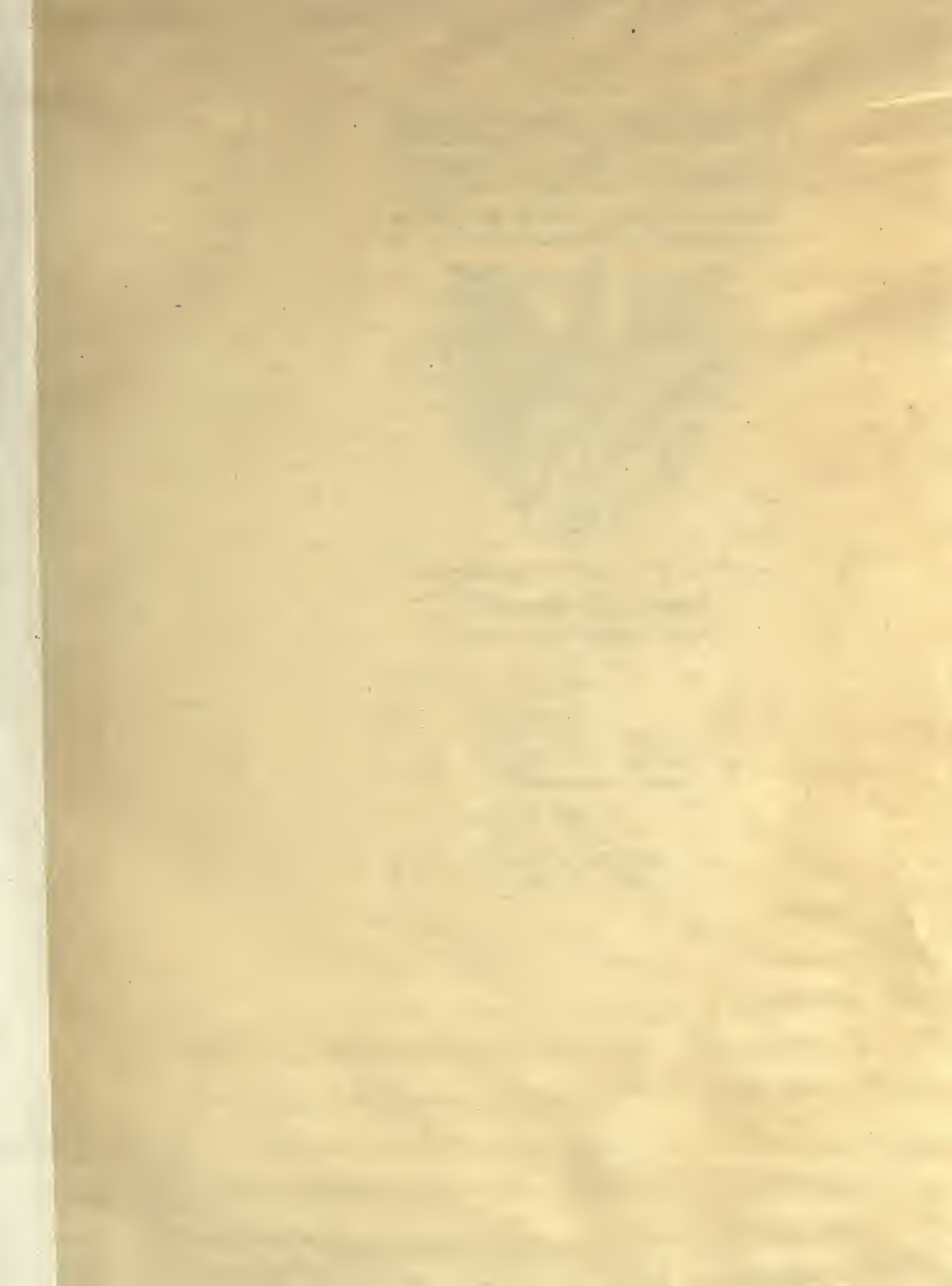


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THE CROWN PRINCE'S FIRST LESSON BOOK

or NURSERY RHYMES for the TIMES



1/- NET

By George H. Powell

LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS LIMITED

One of the rhymes is :

Little Boy Blue,
Come blow up this town,
It's right in the way, and
We must have it down.

Splendid cathedral,
Blow it up, too ;
We must be marching,
Prussian Boy Blue.

JUST PUBLISHED

THE RUBAIYAT OF WILLIAM THE WAR-LORD



written by St. John Hamund
Published by Grant Richards Ltd.
One shilling net

Two of the quatrains are :

XV

Just lately in some tavern, blithe and gay
There gathered Teutons, merry in their way
With mugs of beer ; and one proposed a toast
And bade the others drink ; and 'twas "The
Day !"

XVI

And, as the night grew, those who stood before
The table shouted "Wait until the War !
A little longer here we have to stay ;
But when we go we'll soon be back once more !"

JESSIE POPE'S WAR POEMS

Since the war began Miss Pope has been publishing these poems, and has received from all parts of the world letters in their praise; but perhaps the most gratifying of them all is the letter which reached the office of The Daily Mail from a soldier at the front. We reproduce it in facsimile:—

to D.D.T.

H.Q. I.P.C.

B.E.F.

10. XI. 14

Dear Sir,

Some days ago I saw in your Continental edition some verses by Jessie Pope entitled "No"

I would be very glad if you could send a marked copy of your English edition with those verses in it to

Mr. Knight

3 Anneleigh Villas

Star Lane

Ash, Surrey

The verses were much admired by us all out here, & I want you to send them to my wife for me, as they will be such a "buck up" for her, and bucking up means so much to those at home as well as for us. Really, they need it more, as after all, there is the most wearying suspense.

I enclose you a couple of stamps I brought from home in payment; and at last find them useful.

If you will do this for me I shall be very grateful

Yours faithfully

Edw. P. Knight
D.P.M.
asc

JESSIE POPE'S WAR POEMS



LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS LTD.
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ERRATA

- Page 25. "The War Budget."
Sixth line, for "bear" read "fear."
- Page 38. "The Call."
Third line should read "who'll follow French—"

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*"A Royal Cracksman," "The Outpost" and "Socks" are
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JESSIE POPE'S WAR POEMS

The K.A. Boys

*D*R-RUD—*dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—*
Kitchener's Army on the march
Through Marylebone and Marble Arch,
Men in motley, so to speak,
Been in training about a week,
Swinging easy, toe and heel,
Game and gay, and keen as steel.

Dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—
Norfolk jackets, city suits,
Some in shoes and some in boots ;
Clerk and sportsman, tough and nut,
Reach-me-downs and Bond-Street cut ;
Typical kit of every kind,
To show the life they've left behind.

Dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—dr-rud—
Marching by at an easy pace,
The great adventure in every face.
Raw if you like, but full of grit,
Snatching the chance to do their bit.
Oh, I want to cheer and I want to cry
When Kitchener's Boys go marching by.

"No!"

BY bridge and battery, town and trench,
They're fighting with bull-dog pluck;
Not one, from Tommy to General French,
Is down upon his luck.

There are some who stand and some who fall,
But how does the chorus go—
That echoing chant in the hearts of all?
"Are we downhearted?—NO!"

There's Jack, God bless him, upon the foam,
His isn't an easy task,
To strike for England, to strike right home,
So much, no more, does he ask.
On the dreadnought's deck where the big guns bark,
Or in quiet depths below—
The salt wind wafts us a chantey. Hark!
"Are we downhearted?—NO!"

And what of the girl who is left behind,
And the wife who misses her mate?
Oh, well, we've got our business to mind
Though it's only to watch and wait.
So we'll take what comes with a gallant heart
As we busily knit and sew,
Trying, God help us, to do our part,
"Are we downhearted?—NO!"

Play the Game

TWENTY-TWO stalwarts in stripes and
shorts

Kicking a ball along,
Set in a square of leather-lunged sports
Twenty-two thousand strong,
Some of them shabby, some of them spruce,
Savagely clamorous all,
Hurling endearments, advice or abuse,
At the muscular boys on the ball.

Stark and stiff 'neath a stranger's sky
A few hundred miles away,
War-worn, khaki-clad figures lie,
Their faces rigid and grey—
Stagger and drop where the bullets swarm,
Where the shrapnel is bursting loud,
Die, to keep England safe and warm—
For a vigorous football crowd !

Football's a sport, and a rare sport too,
Don't make it a source of shame.
To-day there are worthier things to do.
Englishmen, play the game !

A truce to the League, a truce to the Cup,
Get to work with a *gun*.

When our country's at war we must all back up—
It's the only thing to be done !

A Royal Cracksman

WHEN the housebreaking business is
slack
And cracksmen are finding it slow—

For all the sea-siders are back

And a great many more didn't go—
Here's excellent news from the front

And joy in Bill Sikes's brigade ;
Things are looking up since
The German Crown Prince
Has been giving a fillip to trade.

His methods are quite up-to-date,
Displaying adroitness and dash ;
What he wants he collects in a crate,
What he doesn't he's careful to smash.

An historical chateau in France
With Imperial ardour he loots,
Annexing the best
And erasing the rest
With the heels of his soldierly boots.

Sikes reads the report with applause,
It's quite an inspiring affair ;
But a sudden idea gives him pause—
The Germans must stop over there !
So he flutters a Union Jack

To help to keep Englishmen steady,
 Remarking, " His nibs
 Mustn't crack *English* cribs,
The profession is crowded already."



Lights Out!

DARKNESS—expectant, discreet—
Only a lamp here and there,
Gloom in the clattering street,
Stygian black in the square ;
Dazzling fascias and fronts,
Scintillant sky-scrapers banished,
Snuffed and shut down are the spangles of Town.
London has vanished.

Only a few months ago
London woke up every night ;
Dances or “Chemin ” or Show,
Festival vistas of light.
Everywhere glitter and glare,
Junket and revelry keeping.
Yes, but despite the laughter and light,
London was sleeping.

Searchlights are probing the skies,
Eastward their streamers are trailed ;
Masked are the city's bright eyes—
Even the tramcars are veiled.
Cockneys turn in at eleven,
“Stop Press” thirst finally slaked.
Turn the lights out. *Now*, without doubt,
London's awake !

The Outpost

THE dying sunset's slanting rays
Incarnadine the soldier's deed,
His sturdy countenance betrays
The bull-dog breed.

Not his to shun the stubborn fight,
The struggle against cruel odds.
Alone, unaided—'tis a sight
For men and gods.

And now his back is bowed and bent,
Now stooping, now erect he stands,
And now the red life blood is spent
From both his hands.

He takes his enemies on trust
As one who sees and yet is blind,
For every mutilating thrust
Comes from behind.

'Tis done ! The dying sun has gone,
But triumph fills the soldier's breast.
*He's sewn his back brace button on
While fully dressed.*

To a Taube

ABOVE the valley, rich and fair,
On flashing pinions, glittering, gay,
You hover in the upper air,
A bird of prey.

Snarling across the empty blue
You curve and skim, you dip and soar,
A dove in flight and shape and hue—
The dove of war.

Above the soldier and the slain,
An armoured bird, you hang on high,
Directed by a human brain,
A human eye.

A thirsty hunter out for blood—
Drinking adventure to the dregs—
Where hidden camps the country stud
You drop your eggs.

Thus, man, who reasons and invents,
Has inconsistently designed
The conquest of the elements
To kill his kind.

'Ware Wire!

WHEN the beagles are running like steam,
When the plough is as sticky as glue,
When the scent is an absolute scream,
And there's wire in the fence to get through—
Who waits to look after his pal?
Hung up?—then he's out of the fun.
Torn, muddy, and blown, every man on his own—
That's the time-honoured rule of the run.

There's wire in the fences of France.
There are bullets that whistle and spit.
The word goes along to advance,
And the wire clutches somebody's kit.
"Hold hard! I'll unhook you, old chap.
No hurry. Oh, *rubbish*! What rot!"
Shots patter and thud, shells burst in the mud.
"Don't pull! Now, you're clear—no, you're not!"

Well, that is how the business is done.
A sportsman will brook no delay,
With hounds it's life and death run,
He's out for himself all the way.
But when black Eternity gapes
There's time and there's patience enough.
A case of 'ware wire, and a pal under fire—
"No hurry"—that's British-made stuff!

The Nut

HE used to get, when in civilian state,
His tea and shaving water, sharp, at
eight.

Then ten delicious minutes would be spent
In one last snooze of exquisite content.

That cosy nest, luxuriously sprung,
Was like a cloud 'twixt earth and heaven hung,
The eiderdown and blankets, soft and warm,
Were yet as light as spindrift in a storm.

Unparalleled contingencies since then
Have found a soldier in the citizen.
In inky tent he thrusts and coils each limb
To make his one ewe blanket cover him.

The Spartan methods of a scanty kit
May make the budding soldier hard and fit,
Yet, while he sleeps, a chilliness of spine
Breeds harassed dreams of "'shun!" and "Right
incline!"

Grumble—not he—it's all a bit of fun.
"One blanket's better," as he says, "than *none*."
The same for him as other Tommies, but—
No disrespect in future for the Nut!

De Wet

FOE and friend and foe again,
Turning coat and turning yet,
That's a feat you don't disdain,
De Wet.

England's easy, England's kind,
Quick to pardon and forget.
There's a limit, as you'll find,
De Wet.

Glad to raise a fallen foe,
Ready to erase a debt.
Quick to spare a traitor? *No*,
De Wet.

England trusts a solemn vow,
That's her way. We don't regret.
So be it, we know you now,
De Wet.

Treachery will miss its aim,
You'll be learning, never fret.
That it's best to play the game,
De Wet.

An Over-lord

THERE'S a prominent person
I must write a verse on
His ways are so strictly impartial,
His power is great,
His word carries weight
In matters domestic and martial.
He never takes sides,
But rough-shod he rides
Over General French and the Kaiser ;
Party spirit he shuns,
He hinders the Huns
And makes Tommy sadder and wiser.

When in genial mood
He's so kindly and good
You'd never believe he could vary.
But when out for a grumble
He's rough to your humble
And equally rude to Queen Mary.
Entente and Alliance
Endure his defiance
In mute resignation together.
His name is suppressed,
But you'll doubtless have guessed
That by trade he's the Clerk of the Weather.

Socks

SHINING pins that dart and click
In the fireside's sheltered peace
Check the thoughts that cluster thick—
20 plain and then decrease.

He was brave—well, so was I—
Keen and merry, but his lip
Quivered when he said good-bye—
Purl the seam-stitch, purl and slip.

Never used to living rough,
Lots of things he'd got to learn ;
Wonder if he's warm enough—
Knit 2, catch 2, knit 1, turn.

Hark ! The paper-boys again !
Wish that shout could be suppressed ;
Keeps one always on the strain—
Knit off 9, and slip the rest.

Wonder if he's fighting now,
What he's done and where he's been ;
He'll come out on top, somehow—
Slip 1, knit 2, purl 14.

The Zeppelin Armada

TO-DAY, since Zeppelins are in the air,
And folks glance skywards as they go their
ways,

Let us hark back a bit to an affair

That happened in Queen Bess's sturdy days,
When the Armada, backed by Spanish lust—

A fleet that floating palaces resembled—
Sailed proudly forth to crush us in the dust,
While all the tremulous in England trembled.

What was the fate of those unwieldy craft ?

Our little frigates made of British oak
Harassed the mighty galleons fore and aft,
Handy to strike and shun the counterstroke.
The Great Invasion ended in defeat.

No more could Philip play the part of mocker,
The rout of the Armada was complete,
And down it went to Davy Jones's locker.

What frigates did in 1558

May be repeated in the air to-day,
When clumsy Zeppelins may meet their fate
From aeroplanes that sting and dart away.
A well-equipped and handy air patrol
Would circumvent an aerial attack.

If London is to be the Zeppes' goal,
It's up to us to see they don't go back !

Comrades in Arm=Lets

NOT theirs the popular uniform
That takes the feminine heart by storm,
And wins soft glances, shy or warm,
The perquisites of pluck.

But theirs the commonplace city kit,
With a blue and white stripe round the sleeve of it,
And a stout little truncheon to do the trick,
If ever they have the luck.

Not theirs to fight on the Allies' wing,
Or even to march with soldierly swing,
While the people are cheering like anything,
To the stirring roll of drums.

But theirs to stand 'neath a pitchy sky.
On a lonely beat, with a vigilant eye
For the skulking shape of a German spy
Who—bother him !—never comes.

By night they guard—though possibly bored—
Those places where light and water are stored,
And—since the family can't be ignored—
Business as usual by day.

Though sport may be scanty compared with the
blanks,

They're doing their level, the armletted ranks,
With no expectation of ha'pence or thanks,
For that is the S.C.'s way.

A Cossack Charge

THE Cossacks—they're coming !
The eager hoofs are drumming,
On glinting steel the autumn sunlight
glances.

The distant mass draws nearer,
The surging line shows clearer—
An angry, tossing wave of manes and lances.

The torrent opens wider ;
As one, move horse and rider,
One heart, one soul, one body, and one breath.
The narrow eyes are laughing,
The wine of war they're quaffing,
The glorious draught of swift, resistless death.

They've met them—they're through them !
In writhing heaps they strew them,
Through breaking lines the whipping whirlwind
crashes.

Then pauselessly it flies on
Away to the horizon,
And disappears in distant, glinting flashes.

The War Budget

HODGE waded through the weekly news,
“The Income Tax,” he said,
“That’s nowt to me, I shallunt lose,
”Twill hit the boss instead.

Lloyd Garge he be the man for I,
Us poor have nowt to bear.”
He paused—then gave a dismal cry :
“They’re goin’ to tax my *beer* !”

“A good thing too !” replied his wife.
“’Twill keep you from the pub,
Swilling each evening of your life,
While I work at the tub !”
Across the inglenook she reached,
The welcome news to see,
Then, in resentful clamour, screeched :
“3d. a pound on *tea* !”

MORAL

To foot the bill it’s only fair
That everyone should do their share,
And since we all are served the same,
Pay and look pleasant—that’s the game.

Captive Conquerors

(It is reported that women in Stuttgart have been forbidden by military proclamation to cast amorous glances on the British prisoners.)

O H ! Stuttgart *Fräuleins*, and capacious *Fraus*,
What shocking news is this that filters
through ?

Have you been fostering domestic rows

By casting, naughtily, glad eyes of blue

At poor old Tommy in his prison-house ?

Tut ! tut ! This is a pretty how-d'ye do !

Anna and Gretchen, where's your strength of mind ?

Think of that khaki crowd whose force of arms

Bustles your goose-step legions from behind ;

These very captives should inspire alarms.

You are indeed disloyal and unkind

To fall a prey to their dishevelled charms.

The gods have come among you, I admit,

To make your jealous *Herren* fume and fuss.

Unkempt, unshaven, rather short of kit,

The prisoners attract you even thus.

But, *Fraus* and *Fräuleins*, what's the use of it ?

Their hearts, please understand, belong to us !

Captain Von Muller

A SKIPPER of mark was Von Muller,
The humorous naval leg-puller.
With ubiquitous ease
He raided the seas
And his bag became fuller and fuller.

Though now he is finally done, he
Had a nice little run for his money,
And his victims' distress
He would gently suppress
With words that were sweeter than honey.

The high seas brought hazards to suit him,
His laurels, not one will dispute him,
No Briton could crow
Over such a game foe
And his enemy's flag will salute him.

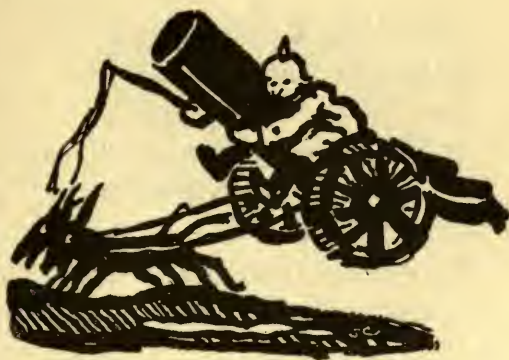
The Two Goliaths

GOLIATH was a giant, the bully of his side,
His coat of mail was brazen, his face was
fierce with pride ;
And when a shepherd stripling to challenge him was
fain,
Eleven-foot Goliath ignored him in disdain.

But David didn't trouble, his heart was cool and
glad,
Though a sling and rounded pebbles were the only
arms he had.
That slender slip of Jesse, he knew his cause was
just,
So he stood up to the bully, and rolled him in the
dust.

Those days are gone for ever, but the bully strain
survives,
Though at the time of writing one can hardly say
it thrives ;
The chant of Chauvinism has become an idle yarn,
Like the "negligible British" since the Battle of the
Marne.

Our German-made Goliath taunted Tommy on his
size,
But the drubbing Tommy gave him has caused him
much surprise ;
And a hasty memorandum in the Teuton mind is
stored—
“The little British Army must never be ignored.”



The Blackest Lie

(The *Frankfurter Zeitung* states that Belgium intrigued with England and France to drag Germany into war.)

BIG bully Belgium,
Breathing blood and flame,
Crafty as a serpent
In a cunning game,
Sent a note to England,
Sent a note to France,
“ Let us crush the Fatherland
While we have the chance ! ”

Poor little Germany,
Gentle land of peace,
Seeking the Millennium,
When armaments shall cease ;
Rather grieved than angry,
Called her sons to fight,
To protect their Fatherland,
As was only right.

Hurry with the whitewash,
Pour it out in streams !
Bleach the ravaged country,
Louvain, Antwerp, Rheims !

Belgium concocted war,
Thus deserves her fate !
That's the blackest Teuton lie
Published up to date.



A Sing-Song

(The Kaiser expressed a hope that the British might meet his Bavarians only once. Fifteen hundred Bavarians have been captured at Ypres.)

I. THE COMMAND

TO his crack army corps, 'twas the Kaiser
who spoke :

“By Bavarians bold must the British be
broke.

'Tis the hope of my heart they may meet you but
once,

To let the world see how Meinheer Atkins runs.

So fill up your cups with Bavarian beer,

Of contemptible armies the road you must
clear.

Then go for the British and show me some
sport—

Wipe them out of existence, and send your
report.”

II. THE REPORT

“We met,

'Twas in a crowd,

And we thought they would shun us.

We stormed ;

They would not budge,

But they started to gun us.

They charged,
We did not wait,
There was no time to potter.
We thought
We were hot stuff,
But the Tommies were hotter.

We're nabbed ;
They've got us tight,
And we're sadder and wiser,
And you
Are the cause
Of this anguish, my Kaiser."



The Longest Odds

LEONIDAS of Sparta, years gone by,
With but a bare three hundred of his
braves,
In the ravine of famed Thermopylæ
Held up the Persian army's endless waves.
Smiling, among the forest of his spears,
"Lay down your arms," the haughty Xerxes cried.
The Spartan's answer echoes down the years,
"Come here and take them!" So they fought, and
died.

Horatius—the odds grow longer now—
With two bold friends, Lars Porsena defied.
That dauntless trio registered a vow
To hold the bridge that stemmed the Tiber's tide.
Their deed of valour makes our bosoms glow,
A deed which poets and chroniclers relate.
Three heroes held in check a bitter foe
And saved their city from a cruel fate.

One Highlander—the longest odds of all—
One man alone, when all the rest were slain,
Carried the Maxim through the bullet squall,
And set it spitting at the foe again.

Under its hail the Germans broke, they fled.

One man, one gun, and yet they would not stay !
Riddled with shot, his comrades found him dead.

Dead ? No ! That Hieland laddie lives for aye.



A Dumb Appeal

(The Blue Cross League, 58 Victoria Street, London, S.W., is in need of funds.)

SHE was a pretty, nicely mannered mare,
The children's pet, the master's pride and
care,
Until a man in khaki came one day,
Looked at her teeth, and hurried her away.

With other horses packed into a train
She hungered for her master's voice in vain ;
And later, led 'twixt planks that scare and slip,
They slung her, terrified, on board a ship.

Next came, where thumps and throbbing filled the
air,
Her first experience of *mal de mer* ;
And when that oscillating trip was done
They hitched her up in traces to a gun.

She worked and pulled and sweated with the best ;
A stranger now her glossy coat caressed ;
Till flashing thunderstorms came bursting round
And spitting leaden hail bestrewed the ground.

With quivering limbs, and silky ears laid back,
She feels a shock succeed a sharper crack,
And, whinnying her pitiful surprise,
Staggers and falls, and tries in vain to rise.

Alone, forsaken, on a foreign field—
What moral does this little record yield ?
Who tends the wounded horses in the war ?
Well—that is what the Blue Cross League is for.



The Call

WHO'S for the trench—
Are you, my laddie ?
Who'll follow the French—
Will you, my laddie ?
Who's fretting to begin,
Who's going out to win ?
And who wants to save his skin—
Do you, my laddie ?

Who's for the khaki suit—
Are you, my laddie ?
Who longs to charge and shoot—
Do you, my laddie ?
Who's keen on getting fit,
Who means to show his grit,
And who'd rather wait a bit—
Would you, my laddie ?

Who'll earn the Empire's thanks—
Will you, my laddie ?
Who'll swell the victor's ranks—
Will you, my laddie ?
When that procession comes,
Banners and rolling drums—
Who'll stand and bite his thumbs—
Will you, my laddie ?

Little and Good

YOUNG Thompson was a bit too short,
But hard as nails and level-headed,
And in his soul the proper sort
Of dogged pluck was deeply bedded ;
To join the ranks he almost ran,
But saw the weedy supersede him ;
Though he was every inch a man,
His country didn't need him.

He read each passionate appeal
On wall and window, cab and cart ;
How impotent they made him feel !
He tried once more, though sick at heart.
In vain ! He saw the sergeants smirk ;
He argued, but they would not heed him ;
So sullenly trudged back to work—
His country didn't need him.

But, now the standard height's curtailed,
Again he goes to join the ranks ;
Though yesterday he tried and failed
To-day they welcome him with thanks.
Apparently he's just as small,
But since his size no more impedes him,
In spirit he is six foot tall—
Because his country needs him.

Marching to Germany

To be sung to the tune of "Marching through Georgia"

SWING along together, lads ; we'll have a
little song,
Kits won't be so heavy and the way won't
be so long.
We're goin' to cook "the Sossiges," to cook 'em hot
and strong—
While we go marching to Germany.

Chorus

Hurrah, hurrah, for Berlin on the Spree !
Hurrah, hurrah, there's "Sossiges" for tea !
We're out to catch the Kaiser and bring him to his
knee
While we go marching to Germany.

How the girls all love us as they see us marching by !
Some of them are saucy ones, and some of them are
shy.
Guess they know we're cold and wet to keep them
warm and dry
While we go marching to Germany.

Chorus

Hurrah, hurrah, for Berlin, etc.

What about the slacker chaps, who look before they
leap?—

Lads who like to save their skins and have their
proper sleep—

Let them put on petticoats and feel a little cheap,
While we go marching to Germany.

Chorus

Hurrah, hurrah, for Berlin, etc.

Britain's little Army can be swept away like fluff ;
That's the Kaiser's fairy tale—*we'll* give the beggars
snuff ;

Rattle 'em and bustle 'em, and make 'em shout
“ Enough ! ”

While we go marching to Germany.

Chorus

Hurrah, hurrah, for Berlin on the Spree !

Hurrah, hurrah, there's “ Sossiges ” for tea !

We're out to catch the Kaiser and to bring him to
his knee,

While we go marching to Germany.

The Silent Camp

IN heaven, a pale uncertain star,
Through sullen vapour peeps,
On earth, extended wide and far,
In all the symmetry of war,
A weary army sleeps.

The heavy-hearted pall of night
Obliterates the lines,
Save where a dying camp-fire's light
Leaps up and flares, a moment bright,
Then once again declines.

Black, solemn peace is brooding low,
Peace, still unbroken, when
There comes a sound, an ebb and flow—
The steady breathing, deep and slow,
Of half-a-million men.

The pregnant dawn is drawing nigh,
The dawn of power or pain ;
But now, beneath the mournful sky,
In sleep's maternal arms they lie
Like children once again.

Loot!

WHEN Blücher helped us make an end
Of Bonaparte, the common foe,
He came to England as a friend,
About a hundred years ago.
The sight of London fired his breast,
He gazed with eagerness and wonder,
And, brimming with Teutonic zest,
He cried, "Oh, what a town to plunder!"

Der Tag, however, was not yet.
A century has passed away.
Blücher has settled Nature's debt,
But his example lives to-day
And kindles in the German mind
An altar that there's no uprooting,
Where love of power is enshrined,
Together with a love of looting.

They spoil and pillage, smash and swill ;
And helpless cities they have racked
Must, willy nilly, pay the bill
For the delight of being sacked,
That motto "Blood and Iron" is done ;
A newer one must be enscrolled ;
The *carte de visite* of the Hun
Should now be printed, "Blood and Gold."

"Bobs"

THE call came in the stormy night,
Beneath a stranger's sky.
The soldier of a life-long fight,
Still fighting, went to die.

His country's honour was his goal ;
Patient, unswerving, brave,
His mind, his heart, his work, his soul—
His very all, he gave.

He toiled to rouse us from our sleep,
And now he takes his rest,
And we—it is not ours to weep,
But follow his behest.

'Tis ours to make this matter plain—
That though our "Bobs" has gone,
Though dust returns to dust again—
His soul goes marching on.

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